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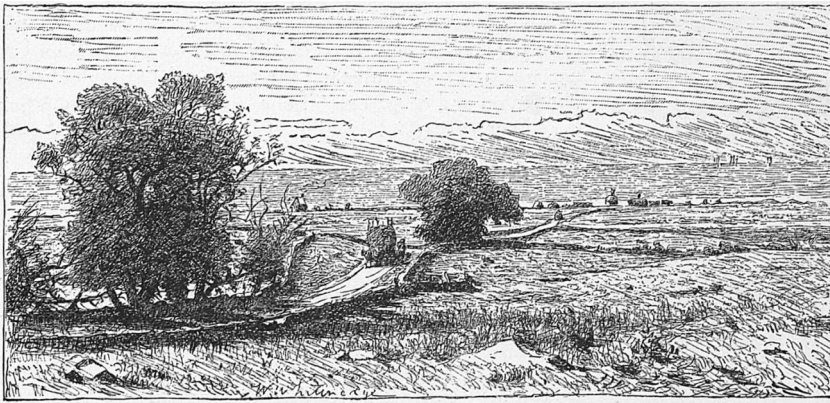
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The Road to the Sea.—WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE, N. A.

Miles Standish," and the third, to William Bliss Baker for his "Woodland Brook,—Decline of an Autumn Day." The Clarke Prize and the first and third Hallgarten Prizes were awarded on the first ballot; the second Hallgarten Prize was voted on the second ballot. It is a noteworthy fact that all of the prize-winners have been students at some time in the National Academy Schools.

A LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, April 3, 1884.

WITH the going out of the first month of Spring, which this year has been lamb-like in the extreme, the Artists' show-Sunday has also come and gone. The year's pictures have been finished; shown in the studios to friends and critics, and passed on to the various exhibitions. Now the Artists breathe free once more, and many of them have already packed their trunks and started off to sweet country-places in England or to foreign storehouses of beauty, to renew their spirits and seek out "subjects" for the art of another year. The weather being so mild and warm at home will tempt many to remain in England who usually go where the east wind does not so often blow.

A recent tour of the studios was made with great pleasure, and from what I have seen in them, I think the public will have no reason to complain of the feast which has been pre-

pared for it in the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery and other, smaller, exhibitions.

Among Americans sending pictures to England for exhibition, Mr. Abbey and Mrs. Merritt are prominent. The former has a large water-color for the Institute, called "Stony Ground"—a Puritan preacher holding forth to a party of young women seated around an old-fashioned oak table by an open fire-place. The preacher appears to be directing his discourse especially to one of the young ladies, whose thoughts seem far away.

Mrs. Merritt shows a portrait of Mrs. Coleman, and a large picture, suggested by the poem "La belle dame sans merci." In the former, the pose is graceful—the tone and color are good and the execution is masterly. The other picture is more ambitious, but less satisfactory on the whole, though the color is rich and quiet. Mrs. Merritt also sends to the exhibition a portrait picture of Tennyson's two sons. Many of your readers will remember with pleasure Mr Alfred Parsons, who is well known in New York art circles. His two landscapes, it is to be hoped, will have as good place in the exhibitions as they deserve. The largest and most striking one is going to the Royal Academy. The quieter and more poetical one is for the Grosvenor. They are among the very best landscape works of the year. The subjects were found in Warwickshire, by the banks of the gentle Avon. There is to be seen in this work an unusual combination of breadth with elaboration of detail, skilfully harmonized and brought into right relation with the



"Who's Afraid?"—W. H. BEARD, N. A.

whole. It is realistic Art with a very personal and poetic element infused into it.

Mr. Boughton has an important single figure subject for the Royal Academy, called the "Handmaiden of the Fields," a robust country girl carrying a load of cabbages.

The most remarkable work by an outsider going to the

Academy this year is a picture by J. W. Waterhouse, entitled "The Oracle." A semi-circular group of maidens in a Jewish Temple anxiously await the fateful words of hope or despair from the Oracle. Brilliant and tender in color, and elaborate and careful in drawing, it shows a mastery in composition and a power of working out successfully a complicated theme scarcely to be expected in the work of so young a painter, and showing a bold advance on his last year's work.

John Pettie, R. A., is sending a powerful picture of a Crusader keeping watch over his armor, in front of an altar, in an early Norman church. It has the usual splendor of color with which we are familiar in Mr. Pettie's work. He sends also a portrait of Mr. Winn of the Royal Academy, which will attract much attention by the life-like simplicity of the painting and its beautiful color.

But the picture of the year, in my opinion, is Mr. Alma Tadema's "Emperor and Empress of Rome at a Pottery"—supposed to be in England—examining and choosing among the treasures of Ceramic art there exposed to view. This is the largest picture Mr. Tadema has painted since the famous one of the "Sculptor's Studio," and will probably rank among his finest works. The painting of the back of the slave who is carrying a tray full of specimens up the stairs, is a marvel of realistic flesh painting. The figure is nearly nude. To say that the pottery—the mosaics and the flowers—are superbly done, is almost unnecessary. In color the prevailing tone is terra cotta red. In the distance, under a staircase, a row of workmen are seen moulding the pots—a striking bit of perspective. The work gives one the impression of reality, so vividly is it painted. Mr. Tadema is also sending to the Grosvenor a clever portrait of an etcher at work on a plate with acids and needles, and we shall not fail to find also a choice bit of marble beach, blue sea and sky, and classic figures in conversation, on a tiny canvas which makes us wonder at the keenness of sight and skilfulness of fingers which can do such minute work as well as the broad handling in the larger picture. All these three pictures are characterized by the same unerring precision of drawing, in combination with that most tender and subtle feeling for color, which has given Mr. Tadema such a high place among modern painters.

John Sargent, the daring American impressionist, has deserted his well-beloved Paris, and is sending his best work this year to the Royal Academy. In my next letter I shall hope to be able to give a more detailed and critical notice of the above mentioned work. *On dit*, that many thousands of pictures—more than ever before—have been sent into the Academy to fight and struggle for the few hundred places in corners and on the sky line, and to distract and torture the much abused hanging committee, who, be their natures ever so generous, and spirits ever so willing, cannot enlarge the rooms or make a hundred spaces of wall into many thousands.

Last Saturday saw the closing of one of the most interesting and fascinating exhibitions that it has been the good fortune of your correspondent to see for many years, viz.,

the Reynolds' exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Such a gathering of superb, fascinating portraits we never remember having seen before. Great numbers of persons came to see them, and the influence of such a collection of noble work over the public taste must be very great. In filling its galleries each winter with the works of great men, Sir Coutts Lindsay and his committee are tendering a great service to Art at the cost of much time and trouble to themselves. On looking at these pictures of Reynolds, I was much impressed by the simplicity and directness of the execution, in so marked contrast to so much of our elaborate modern painting. All seemed to be done with the greatest ease, pleasure, and consequently, success. Reynolds' skill in painting children is most wonderful, as well as his ability in representing their dear and intimate companion, the dog, who is so often associated with them in these pictures. Children in action, doing something pleasant and childlike, are a difficult problem for most painters, but in this collection all the best pictures gave accurate portraiture in the most difficult and complicated movement—so full of grace and charm and unconscious ease—so completely lost in the thing they were doing, that the effect was of nature itself. I can never forget the charming picture of a little girl, carrying her skye-terrier across a brook, or the look of pleased helplessness in the dog, and the intentness and delight in the sweet face of the child, who must get her dog safely over, heavy though he be. But probably the most remarkable instance of his skill in seizing childish expression was shown in the famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire and her child. It is, throughout, painted with much *verve*. Another charming picture was the little girl with a robin on her arm.

The luscious splendor of color, in all these finest examples, produced a deep, rich and charmingly quiet *ensemble* in the two handsome galleries, that quite reminded us of the tone of our favorite Cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice—no garishness, no startling contrasts—as seen in most collections of modern works.

This is to be the last year of grace for the American artists at the Salon, they say, unless the tariff be removed. Next March all American works are positively to be ignominiously thrown out. This is the ultimatum. T. C. F.

WE have received the Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts for the year ending with February, 1884, which contains statistics of the exhibitions, the permanent collections of the Academy, the schools, etc., together with an account of the Temple Prizes and the report of the jury, which, by its award caused so much dissatisfaction among some of the Philadelphia artists. In the latter portion of the pamphlet are some remarks on "Duties on works of art," in which the writer, after referring to the last art tariff legislation, says that "the present congress will be asked to repeal this law; but, *should a duty on pictures seem to be imperatively required*, then to fix a special duty, a certain sum,—\$50 or \$100,—on each work, irrespective of its cost." The book contains a reproduction of the handsome Temple Medal.